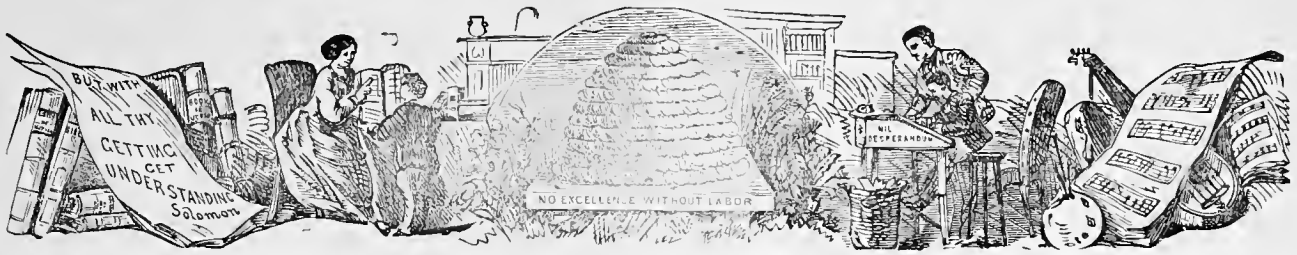


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

THIS world is full of life. From the huge elephant or ponderous whale to the tiniest animalcule to whom a single leaf or flower is a world, all are struggling to continue to the uttermost their brief mortal existence. But this battle in which each is engaged to preserve its own being often involves the destruction of other forms of life. Sometimes the large prey upon the small, and sometimes the small destroy the great. Sometimes the strong conquer the weak, and sometimes the weak triumph over the strong. Of this fact we all are witnesses every day.

All flesh-eating animals live by the death of others. The lion devours the deer or antelope, the wolf the lamb, the cat the mouse or rat, and so on. It is the same among the feathered tribes of the air and the finny tribes of the great waters. It extends to the reptiles and the insects; in fact, so far as we have yet learned, it continues through all the animal, even into the vegetable creation. Sometimes when the strength of the devourer and the victim nearly balance, the fight is desperate and the struggle prolonged. Such a case is represented in our engraving, wherein a monster flesh-devouring reptile is crushing the life out of a deer.

But there are other kinds of creatures, that do not win by strength, but by numbers or stealth or strategy—creatures that inhabit the bodies of others, such as those of whom so much has been said lately, that are reported to have eaten out the vitals of so many myriads of locusts; and others, we all know, that find homes in our own bodies or residences, such for instance as the flea and the fly. Of this latter creature we have picked up some items which we think will prove interesting.

Our readers young and old, who use their eyes, have no doubt noticed that when the common house fly alights after soaring about a room for some little time, he begins going

through a series of operations which remind one of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the forelegs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if the observer looks sharp, he will see the insect carry his trunk over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. This careful rubbing of the body, Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, asserts, is to remove the animalcules which

the quick motions of the flies have gathered on their bodies as they sped through the air. In dirty and bad smelling quarters he found the myriads of flies which existed were literally covered with animalcules, while other flies captured in bed rooms or well ventilated clean apartments were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. These little creatures which form the food of the fly, must have food also; they probably live on some creatures so small that our most powerful microscopes have not yet been able to detect them.

The air is full of life, we breathe life with every inspiration. Look at a ray of sunlight as it enters a room, be it ever so still, and notice the motes that dance and tremble in its glory. If it were not for the life that fills the earth and air and teems in the waters, our existence here would be of short duration.

But there is another struggle for life in which men are engaged,

in which the strong and bold often overcome their weaker fellow-beings. We do not allude to the cannibals of the Fiji or other Polynesian Islands who eat their fellow men, but to all nations and all people on the earth; but the fact is especially manifested in the so-called civilized nations of modern Babylon. In such lands the poor are battling for life, the rich for power, fame or whatever else their ambition craves. We see in the great cities fierce contention for work and wages, with thousands of



men and women without employment and consequently without food. Again we look over the broad expanse of our nation, and, while thousands of souls are starving, thousands of acres which would yield them food lie uncultivated, and want and waste, misery and millionaires are the results. When God's kingdom is established on the earth, these things will cease. The United Order, to which some so foolishly object, will in time remedy these evils. None will want food, for there will be plenty for all; none will go idle, for there will be work for all. Will this be brought about suddenly? No, it cannot; but we can all help to bring it nearer. How so? By each one seeking to make his life useful. For instance, the youth who is now verging on manhood can seek to become skilled in a useful calling. Time, knowledge and skill constitute the basis of riches. Gold and silver, greenbacks and bonds, are but the representatives of wealth. Our gold may be stolen, our bonds may be burned, even our banks, our houses, our farms, our manufacturies may be destroyed; but give us time, and give us skill and knowledge, and then, with health and industry, we can soon create out of the elements around us all that the world calls wealth and possessions.

ANCIENT CROWNS.

OF the crowns of Europe, the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which is now restored to its resting place of centuries, in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Monza, is by far the oldest. This ancient emblem of authority was one of the three crowns placed upon the heads of the old-time German emperors, who were crowned first at the grave of Charlemagne, at Aachen, with the silver crown of Germany; second, at Milan, with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, and lastly, at Rome, with the golden crown of the empire, bestowed by the Pope in person. Of these crowns the second was the most venerable, dating back to a period of some thirteen hundred years ago, when it was formed, in the early part of the sixth century, by Roman goldsmiths, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to Queen Theodolinda of Lombardy.

This iron crown, as its name implies, is of simple construction. It is but a broad flat ring or diadem of gold, adorned with enamelled flowers and precious stones—stones not cut into facets as in modern jewelry, but emeralds, sapphires and rubies in their rough uncut form, as they came from the mine. But inside this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name, and this iron, tradition asserts, is one of the nails of the true cross hammered out into a ring. Its history is that of the German Empire after the conquest of Lombardy, by Charlemagne, in 774. It graced the brow of that great conqueror and emperor, and was worn in turn by his successors, the Emperors of Germany.

The last sovereign who wore it was Napoleon I. In May, 1805 he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid circle of marshals and generals, and in their presence he placed it on his head, repeating the proud motto of the Iron Crown "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!" In 1850, the Austrians, retreating from Lombardy, took the Iron Crown with them to Mantua and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until, by the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy, in 1866, it was restored to its old home in the sacristy of the Cathedral at Monza, and there it rests to-day amid the other treasures of good Queen Theodolinda, among which are her golden hen and its seven chickens (the symbols of Lombardy and its seven provinces) and the crown of her husband, Agilolph.

bardy and its seven provinces) and the crown of her husband, Agilolph.

Next in age to the Iron Crown, but far exceeding it in value and beauty of workmanship, are the crowns of the old Gothic kings of Spain, discovered seventeen years ago near Toledo. They were found in some excavations which were made in an ancient cemetery at Fuente di Guerrazar, two leagues from that city. They are eight in number, and their intrinsic value is estimated at then thousand dollars. The largest, a splendid circle of gold one foot in diameter, bears the name of King Receswinthus, who resigned in the middle of the seventh century. This diadem is adorned with fine rubies, pearls and sapphires, and round it runs a row of little crosses carnelian and gold.

The Crown of Scotland is also one of the older crowns of Europe. It is supposed to have been made for Robert Bruce, who reigned in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is formed of two circles of gold, the upper being surrounded by a row of crosses and *fleurs de lis*, whilst the lower and broader ring is adorned with precious stones, in their rough, unpolished state. From this rise two arches of gold, which unite in a ball and cross. This crown was used at the coronation of all the successors of the great Robert Bruce, and even after the kingdoms of Scotland and England were consolidated, the Stuarts came to Scotland after their English coronation, to receive the crown at Scone. Charles I. and Charles II. were both crowned with it, the latter on January 1st, 1651. During his reign the Scotch crown and regalia went through an eventful career. At the time Cromwell advanced across the border they were sent away from Edinburgh to the strong castle of Dunnottar, on the shores of the North Sea, lest they should fall into his hands. The castle was put in charge of a strong garrison, and well reinforced with heavy guns. On the 3d of January, 1662, the Cromwellian General, Lambert, having closely invested it, summoned it to surrender. The summons was rejected, and the siege began. Ogilvy, the General in command, had previously asked that a ship might be sent to carry off the crown, sceptre and sword of state, but Charles had not been able to comply with his request.

It soon became evident that the castle could not hold out, and means were devised to save the regalia. The chief agent in the plot was the wife of the Rev. James Granger, of Kenniff, a small church four miles from Dunnottar. She obtained from Gen. Lambert permission to pass through his lines to visit the lady of the castle, and on her return secretly brought away the Scottish crown. Her maid followed her, bearing two long bundles of lint, as if for spinning, but in one of them the sword of state was hidden and in the other the sceptre.

On reaching Kenniff, she gave them to her husband, and that night they went into the church, raised a flag of the pavement in front of the pulpit, dug a hole, and buried there the crown and sceptre. In another part of the church they hid the sword in the same way. When, on the fall of the castle, the regalia were found to be gone, great was Lambert's indignation. Suspicion was, however, allayed by spreading the report that the crown and regalia had been sent abroad. Occasionally the minister and his wife went by night into the church to change the cloths in which the crown was wrapped, in order to preserve it from the damp; and at the Restoration they gave up the regalia in safety to Charles II. A grant of two thousand marks rewarded Mrs. Granger for her faithful service. The crown and regalia of Scotland were afterwards returned to Scotland, and during the reign of the Hanoverian

line of the kings in the early part of the last century, were, on account of the mistrust with which the sentiment of Scotch nationality was regarded, locked up in a strong coffer in Edinburgh Castle, for more than a century. In 1818, however, they were restored to light.

Of the modern crowns of continental Europe perhaps the most remarkable is the well-known triple crown or papal tiara, or perhaps we should say tiaras, for there are four of them. The tiara is seldom worn by the Pope; it is carried before him in procession, but, except on rare occasions, he wears a mitre, like an ordinary bishop. Of the existing tiaras, the most beautiful is that which was given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII. in 1805. It is said to be worth upwards of forty-five thousand dollars. Its three circlets are almost encrusted with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls and diamonds; and the great emerald at its apex, said to be the most beautiful in the world, is alone valued at thirty-two hundred dollars.—*Selected.*

Stories About Italy.

BY J. L. BARFOOT.

(Continued.)

THE PRAIRIE DOG AND GROUND OWL.

Cynomys Ludovicianus—BAIRD, and *Athene Hypugaea*—Bon.

EVERY person who has crossed the plains knows something of the "Prairie Dog villages," either by repute or observation. Now that the great iron road crosses this continent, the Prairie Dog has a more extended reputation than ever. Then there are the little "burrowing Owls," that are the funniest little things imaginable; these birds are called Ground Owls, and they certainly merit the name, from their burrowing propensities and dwelling in the earth. From observations made by naturalists, the abode of our tiny friends is anything but comfortable, according to our ideas of that which is necessary to make a home so. For instance, we learn that all the cleanliness is on the outside, a fact that may, perhaps, apply to other homes. This probably arises in part from the peculiar circumstances of these animals, whose history is so closely associated that it is difficult to speak of either alone.

Mr. Prairie Dog is strictly a vegetarian, judging of him by a long extended observation in confinement; although his habits and system of dietetics may be considerably altered, and as we should probably think from our standpoint, improved. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Ground Owl are decidedly flesh eaters—when they can get it; and they are by no means particular as to the kind of flesh, or its condition as to freshness. Under these circumstances it is easy to fancy the condition of a "burrow" in which are gathered the remains of such small animals and insects as are brought home and packed away to supply the family with food.

In addition to the ordinary inmates of the home of the Prairie Dog, we are told that the rattlesnake, *crotatus confluentus*, helps to make up a "happy family." The writer had considerable doubt about this fact until it was vouched for by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, who, although not a naturalist, is a close and correct observer. There is something very poetic in the idea of creatures so entirely different in character dwelling together; probably there is some sinister and selfish motive on the part of the snake as well as a desire

for the convenience of a ready-made house to live in: tit-bits brought in by the owls may be an extra inducement, and, perhaps, when hard pressed by hunger, the "dogs" themselves may furnish a dainty morsel.

A Prairie Dog, when first confined in a cage, gave many evidences of a propensity to "bark," if a slight chirping noise can be so called. There was no doubt whatever about the quality of its bite, and general viudictiveness. For the first two years his diet consisted entirely of green food, the bark of tender twigs being preferred to anything else. He drank no water during all that time, the moisture in his food sufficing for that liquid, which certainly cannot be found in many of the "dog towns." The first time some water was given him he put his nose to it and seemed wholly unconscious of its use. By degrees he acquired a habit of eating dry food as well as green; and, being a great favorite with the young folks, he became fond of candy, cakes and other delicacies, which certainly cannot be found on the prairies. About this time water was offered to him again, for he manifested a desire to obtain some when he saw other pets of the menagerie drinking. From the time of drinking that water he has almost entirely done away with the habit of gnawing, although a rodent. He prefers the diet alluded to—cakes, candy, peanuts and fruit. For bread, when he can get nothing better, he manifests a preference when green food is placed side by side with it; and, strange to say, pie-crust and rich cake, which he used to reject with as much indignation as a vegetarian, when he smelled it and detected the presence of animal food in it, he now eats without the least hesitation, and is actually willing to nibble a piece of mince pie with some degree of reluctance, but evidently with a determination to conquer his aversion. He still retains his burrowing propensities. The first winter of his confinement he slept for about six weeks; the attendant was afraid of his dying for lack of food, as he had fallen away in bulk considerably, so "Mr. Doggy" was taken to a lady to be attended to and have the natural warmth of his body restored. Two hours by a warm stove brought the little fellow out as active as ever, and with an appetite that was truly astonishing. In this instance he was fed with bread and fruit, after partaking of which he went to sleep again and slept till one warm day in spring. This last winter he did not hibernate; probably his being in close proximity to a warm stove may account for this; but he still delights in burying himself beneath a few pieces of carpet and rags, which he ingeniously makes up into a nest that entirely conceals him from observation.

The Ground Owl is not such a favorite as the "Dog," but it is very noticeable. It delights in bending the body with a kind of courtesy, a habit that probably arises from curiosity to know whether there is danger at hand. The contraction and dilation, as well as the immobility of the eye, which makes it necessary for the bird to turn around to discern objects at its side, the diminutive size, long, spindle legs, and speckled but pleasing appearance, make it an object of singular interest to the visitor to the museum.

HE who receives a favor should never forget it; he who gives one should never remember it.

HABIT is a cable, woven thread by thread till it can't be broken.

INNOCENCE is like a polished armor: it adorns and defends.

UNDER THE SNOW.

From "All the Year Round."

(Continued.)

At this, I could restrain my tears and sobs no longer. My grandfather allowed me to give way to my grief. The fire went out as we sat before it. We remained there in the dark, till it was quite late. My grandfather kept one of my hands in his, pressing it from time to time.

"I have told you my fears," he said, at last; "but do not forget that I still have hopes. We cannot tell what unforeseen cause may have prevented their coming. All may yet turn out well. Put your trust in Providence."

DECEMBER 1.—I cannot conquer the terror which seizes me as I write this date. If some of the November days appeared so long and wearisome, what will they be this month? At least it would be bearable if we were sure this were the last of our captivity! But I no longer dare fix any term to it. The snow is heaped up to such a height that it looks as if it would take the whole summer long to melt it. It is now on a level with the roof; and if I did not get up every day to clear the chimney, we should soon be unable to open the trap or to light a fire.

It vexes me that my grandfather cannot sometimes step out of this confined vault into the open air. I asked him this morning what he longed for the most, and he said, "A ray of sunshine. Nevertheless," he added, "our lot is much less wretched than that of very many prisoners, a number of whom have not deserved imprisonment any more than we have. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty in our seclusion, and we find subjects of amusement which are not attainable inside the four walls of a dungeon; we are not visited every day by a suspicious or cruel or even an indifferent gaoler. The evils which we suffer from the hand of God must never be bitterness of those which we believe we may attribute to the injustice of men; and lastly, my boy, we are not in solitary confinement; and, if your presence here causes me to forget for your sake, which I make no attempt to conceal, it also sustains me, and is almost necessary to my existence. I do not think you are very dissatisfied with your companion; everything about us, even up to *Blaque-bette*, is some alleviation to our captivity, and I assure you it is not merely for her milk's sake that I feel attached to her."

These last words set me thinking, and I proposed to let the poor creature live more in our company. "She is uncomfortable all alone in the stable," I said; "she bleats frequently, and that may do her harm, and us also. What is there to hinder us from letting her have a corner here? There is plenty of room for all of us. She will be much obliged to us for the honor we do her." I nailed a little manger against the wall, in the corner where she would be the least in our way, fixing it firmly with a couple of stakes; and, without further delay, introduced *Blanchette* into our sitting-room.

How delighted she is at the change! She does nothing but thank us, in her way. If it went on so, she would become fatiguing; but when she is accustomed to her novel position, she will be quieter. At this very moment, while I am committing these details to paper, she is lying on some fresh litter, chewing the cud peaceably, and gazing at me so contentedly that she seems to guess I am writing her history. Hitherto, she has wanted for nothing, and at last there is one happy being inside the chalet.

DECEMBER 3.—The sunshine to day attracted me out on the roof. Cold dry weather has succeeded to the continued snow-storms. How my eyes were dazzled at the great white expanse, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared mention to grandfather the delight it gave me; I suggested that I might dig away the snow in front of the door, and make a sloping path upwards from it to the surface of the snow-drift. I have already set to work, and my grandfather will soon enjoy what he has long been wishing for, a ray of sunshine.

DECEMBER 4.—My task progresses; I labor at it as long as my grandfather will allow. The idea had struck him before it occurred to me, and I have scolded him for not communicating it. He was afraid that the exertion and the moisture to my feet might do me harm.

DECEMBER 5.—We can step out of our house; the path is made; I have had the pleasure of leading my grandfather along it, supporting him on one side. We remained several minutes at the end of our avenue, which is not long; but the day was gloomy, and it made us very sad to see the black forest, the cloudy sky, and the snow surrounding us with the silence of death. We beheld only one living creature, a bird of prey, which passed at a distance with a hoarse scream. It flew down towards the valley in the direction of our village. The pagans would have derived some omen from it, but we have no such superstition.

DECEMBER 8.—What a dreadful day! I had yet to learn what a hurricane up in the mountains was like. I can hardly describe what passed out of doors. We heard a frightful roaring. When we tried to open the door ajar, the chalet was filled with a whirlwind of snow; the wind rushed in with such fury that we had great difficulty in closing the door again. We were obliged to drop the trap of the chimney; and, besides, it was impossible to light a fire, because the smoke was continually driven down again. We ate our milk without boiling it. My grandfather keeps up my courage by his calm behavior, as well as by his grave and pious words. At the time when one would say that the wrath of God was hanging over us, he speaks to me of His mercy. On trying a second time to open the door, we found that a mass of snow had fallen back upon it, so that we are completely imprisoned, as before. What I most regret is my window; it is drifted up again. Decidedly, as soon as the weather permits, I will make a fresh attempt to regain a little light and liberty.

DECEMBER 11.—The cold is much sharper. Although we are buried under the snow, which perhaps prevents our hearing the storm, the frost strikes to our very bones. My grandfather says that, to be felt so keenly inside the chalet, the cold must be extremely intense. He supposes that the wind has changed to the north.

DECEMBER 13.—I was milking the goat, while my grandfather lighted the fire. Suddenly, she pricked up her ears, as if she heard some extraordinary noise. She trembled violently from head to foot.

"What is the matter, *Blanchette*?" I asked, caressing her. I could now hear the noises; they were low and distant howlings, which gradually grew louder and louder. We then heard hundreds of feet pattering on the crisp snow overhead; we heard a rush of animals, a fierce struggle above us, mingled with horrid cries that made my blood run cold.

"What is that?" I asked, though I knew what it must be, without asking.

"Hush! The wolves!" said my grandfather in a whisper, blowing out the light and extinguishing the fire. "Keep

Blanchette quiet; take her in your arms, and give her a little salt to lick, to keep her from bleating."

DECEMBER 14.—We escaped with the fright; the wolves either did not suspect our presence, or were hard pressed to obtain some easier prey. At one time, we thought they were burrowing through the snow, to storm our citadel in a body; but it is not certain whether they might not be tearing to pieces some animal which they had hunted down on the spot. But when the surface of the snow is frozen hard, as it is now, it allows the wolves to travel over it rapidly. They do not, consequently, remain on the heights, where little is to be had, but they scour down the mountain and invade the plain, to seize whatever falls in their way in the outskirts of the villages. They departed as abruptly as they had arrived.

Now that the door and the window are again barricaded by a deep accumulation of snow, it is clear that the trap of the chimney is our weakest point. For the present, I dare not venture out to breathe the air; which is sad. I have no choice but to remain a close prisoner. To guard against a second attack, and at the same time to be able to light a fire without being suffocated by smoke, I have fitted an iron tube, which I found in the stable, into a circular aperture which I have cut in the trap. It is safe and convenient, but it cuts us off more than ever from the outer world.

Hitherto, my grandfather would touch neither coffee nor wine, reserving them for time of need. But our last anxieties have made him so unwell, that he has consented to try whether they will not restore his appetite and his strength. He wishes me to take my share; but I am young, and can do very well without them. A long-continued milk diet, like that to which we are now confined, is apt to disagree with persons of his age.

DECEMBER 17.—"Time passes," my grandfather said to-day: "winter is approaching."

"Approaching!" I answered. "Is not winter come?"

"Not yet, according to the almanac. Winter does not begin till the twenty-first; it is still autumn; but who would believe that we are in the season of fruits?"

My grandfather has eaten scarcely anything to-day. I persuaded him to taste a little bread soaked in wine. It is evident that he makes an effort to appear more cheerful than he really feels. What should I do, were he to fall seriously ill?

DECEMBER 22.—It is long since we have heard any noise outside; our seclusion is more and more complete. We conclude that a large quantity of fresh snow has fallen, and that the chalet is probably completely buried under the mass. Nevertheless the iron tube still rises above it; the smoke escapes freely: to-day a few flakes of snow have fallen down through this narrow channel.

These white messengers of winter are the only things which keep up a communication between ourselves and the world. If our clock were to stop, we should lose all cognizance of time. Our only means of distinguishing night from day would be the speck of light which we can see in the morning at the top of the iron tube. On the other hand, we suffer very little from cold in our silent cave. When we have lighted the lamp, and are busy about our daily tasks before a bright fire, we partly forget our unfortunate condition. At such moments, there are even certain of our acquaintances who would envy us. Who has not often wished to be Robinson Crusoe in his desert island? And yet, he had less cause for hope than we have. It was a mere chance that some stray vessel might touch at his island, whilst we are certain that the snow will melt, sooner or later.

(To be Continued.)

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

BY ROLLO.

Now, Mr. Fold-up-your-hands, the world owes you not a single cent! What have you done these thirty years, but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows?

"You have ate and drank and slept—what then?"

Why ate and drank and slept again?"

And that comprises the sum total of your existence—and yet "the world owes you a living!" If, as you say, that the world owes you a living, you must have done something for the world to render it your debtor. Is there any family in distress that you have befriended? Any products that you have created? What miseries have you alleviated? What arts have you perfected? You answer "None!" Then if you have not, there never was such an absurd idea. The world owes you a living, and yet you have done nothing for it! You have been a tax upon the world from the beginning of your existence; and, unless your ideas change, you always will be so. Think over the good that (wit. the means you have spent in folly) you might have done for the poor and suffering. Think of the many little things that you might have done which would have brought comfort to many a fireside, and in the future brightened your path by your knowing that you alleviated the sufferings of those who were in need.

Instead of the world owing you, it is your creditor to a vast amount; and the amount for which you stand indebted to the world is more than you will ever have it in your power to liquidate. You owe the world the labor of your strong arms, and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours, and the sympathy of your heart; in short, you owe the world the whole of the moral and intellectual capabilities of a man. Arise, then, from that dreamy, do-nothing state of slothfulness in which you are living, and let us no longer hear the false assertion that the world is owing you, until you have done something to satisfy the just demand to which we have referred. Do something to raise the poor and lowly from their uncomfortable position; remembering that if it were not for the help you have received from others you would be perhaps in a worse condition than they.

MACAULAY'S MOTHER.—Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, wrote these words: "Children, look in these eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice even the feeling of a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain.

"In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but your mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, unceasing world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender untiring voice. Never can I forget her glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her in the old churchyard, yet her eye watches over me as I visit the spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE R. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

RESPECT for age is a virtue that should be cultivated by the Latter-day Saints. It is a beautiful sight to see young people showing honor to those in years. Boys and girls who do not reverence aged people are not likely to pay respect to their parents; and it is easily told in a community by the manners and deportment of children whether parents are honored or obeyed or not, or whether authority of any kind is respected. When we see young people in company choosing the best seats for themselves and leaving the poorest for their seniors to occupy, we have but a low opinion of their training or of their hearts. Such conduct gives evidence of a selfish disposition, and it is apt to manifest itself in many different ways. When persons of this kind go to table you will see them selecting the best of everything, entirely regardless of others, however aged or honorable they may be; so with everything else where there is a preference, if they can get the first choice, they are sure to take it. A boy who cultivates such a disposition as this, becomes a selfish and unfeeling man, makes but a poor husband and a very indifferent father. A girl who takes such a course is not a desirable person for a wife, and unless she changes in her disposition, she will not enjoy an honorable or desirable old age.

Among the children in this Territory there is generally a disposition to respect and honor old age; yet there is room for great improvement in this respect. There are many who do not respect old age as they ought. We have sometimes blushed for young people in company when we have seen them, upon entering a room, walk up to the easy chairs and take possession of them while aged ladies or aged gentlemen, old enough to be their mothers or fathers, were obliged to take a less comfortable seat. Such conduct is always a mark of bad breeding. No gentleman or lady will be guilty of such conduct. In this respect we may learn something from the Spartans, a people who lived ages ago, and whom the Christians of this generation call pagans or heathen.

We are told that one of the lessons oftenest and most strongly inculcated upon the Spartan youth, was to entertain great reverence and respect to old men, and to give them proofs of it upon all occasions, by saluting them, by making way for them, and giving place for them in the streets, by rising up to show them honor in all companies and public assemblies; but above all, by receiving their advice, and even their reproofs with docility and submission. By these characteristics a Spartan was known wherever he came. If he had behaved otherwise, it would have been looked upon as a reproach to himself and a dishonor to his country. An old man of Athens going into the theatre once to see a play, none of his own countrymen offered him a seat. But there were several Spartan ambassadors in Athens at the time and they were at the theatre, and when the old man came near the

place where they and their retinue were sitting, they all rose up out of reverence to his age, and seated him in the midst of them. Therefore, there was reason for the remark that old age had nowhere so honorable an abode as in Sparta, and that it was an agreeable thing to grow old in that city.

The Spartan method of training their children was in this and some other respects very good. That people rightly considered that the surest way to have citizens submissive to the law and to the magistrate, in which the good order and happiness of a state chiefly consists, was to teach children early, and to accustom them from their tender years, to be perfectly obedient to their parents, their masters and their superiors.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

An old man who has seen much of the world and its mutations writes as follows: "Old men for council and young men for war," was an honored proverb of the ancients. The difficulty is that while old men are almost invariably capable of giving excellent advice, young men have a decided aversion to receiving it. They are so full of fire, health, hope and ambition that they regard old men as cynics, spurn advice, and choose rather to follow their own wild inclinations, impulses and fancies, than to carefully heed the matured wisdom of others. Thus they often do themselves irreparable wrong. Life is a grinding mill, and those who have worried pretty nearly through it can seldom fail to be qualified for wisely advising beginners. The principal portion of all the ill luck, anxiety and misery we have is the result of our own imprudence or mismanagement. How much of it might be avoided by forethought or by taking timely advice. How important to make not a single false step; to never move from impulse, but only from protracted, and even painful reflection; to study every inch of our pathway; to premise the possible result of every stroke in life's battle; to do nothing whatsoever, however simple in character, without completely comprehending it in all its consequences and bearings. The most trivial actions often lead to great harvests of weal or woe. No one should enter upon any enterprise or any new labor, or undertake any performance, without first seeking the guidance of the Lord and his blessing upon it. By making that a rule much evil and sorrow will be avoided.

"Be not wise in your own conceit." Consider the counsels of others, and whatever you undertake "stick to it." If you till the soil, work at a trade, drive team, write for the press, go on a mission—if you do anything at all that the Lord requires or that your brethren and sisters are willing to pay for, "stick to it". The years fly swiftly. They are soon gone, and however hackneyed the observation, time is really money. Every year has its market value, in proportion to its capacity, intelligence, opportunity and application of each individual. Improve it to the utmost. Stick to whatever you are at, and do it with a will. Don't be led away by romantic ideas, by absurd ambitions, by preposterous fancies. Hang desperately to whatever you are at. Fight it out on that line if it takes a life time. You will undoubtedly do better at that than at anything else. Be brave, be patient, be persevering. Not on the battle-field is the loftiest heroism displayed, but in quiet places where human applause never reaches—where nobody knows of or cares for the struggle—where poets and historians are uninterested. No matter what you till at, "act well your part—there all the honor lies."

NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE COD FISH.

IN our two previous numbers we have chatted about Newfoundland and the Cod fish. In its turn we now come to the fishery.

By the word fisheries we understand the business of catching fish, and the places or localities frequented by the fish that are the objects of capture, such as the cod, herring or salmon. We also use the terms, whale fishery and seal fishery to designate the pursuit of these animals, though neither the whale nor the seal are fishes.

Amongst the ancients, fishing, as a branch of industry, was carried on to a very large extent; and to Latter-day Saints the business has peculiar interest from the fact that so many of the twelve apostles whom our Savior called when he was upon the earth followed this avocation. Peter and Andrew, James and John, four of the greatest and wisest men of the ancient church cast their nets in the waters of the sea of Galilee, and were thus employed when Jesus called them to be "fishers of men."

The Cod fishery began to be regulated by law in western Europe toward the end of the ninth century. During the middle ages the consumption of this fish was very great, that was in the days when all Europe believed in the Roman Catholic faith, whose fasts were very numerous. At these seasons flesh was not allowed to be eaten, but the people were permitted to eat fish. At the time of the Protestant reformation the demand for salt fish sensibly diminished. The French were the first European nation to engage in the American Cod fishery. They visited Newfoundland as early as 1504. Fifty years afterwards 150 French vessels were engaged in the business, which they pursued with great success. Soon after this began a continuous succession of quarrels between the French and English fishermen which, though sought to be adjusted by various treaties, continually reappear on the slightest provocation, the English and American fishermen have also been the cause of much unpleasantness between the two governments.

The various nations whose subjects were engaged in this industry have decided it wise policy to encourage the cod fisheries by special legislation and by bounties to the fishermen. The fishing boats of these hardy mariners have been looked upon as nurseries from which men for the national fleets could be drawn in times of war. So intense was this feeling, at one time, that colonization on Newfoundland was prevented and the homes of the colonists destroyed, as it was feared that these "shore fishers" would stand in the way of the fishermen from the coast of Europe, decrease the number of boats leaving European ports and lessen the supply of able, robust, trained mariners.

The process of curing the Cod is very simple. At the close of the day or when the boats are as full as they can hold, the fish are thrown, by means of poles armed at one end with a fork, into the house where they are to be cured. They are

received by persons inside who at once begin to prepare them for salting. The fish first falls into the hands of a man or boy called the "gutter," whose business you can all understand by his name, when he has done his part of the work he passes the fish to the man who stands by his side who cuts off its head after which it is transferred to a third who is called the splitter. This work is all done with the skill and quickness which long practice brings, and a visitor is amazed at how little time it takes to perform these operations. The fish are next salted, after which they are drawn, in small quantities, on a sled out of the house, piled in stacks and there allowed to remain for a few days. They are then taken down, and, after being thoroughly washed, are exposed on flakes to the sun. Here they lie until they are perfectly dried, and are then made up in stacks for the last time preparatory to being shipped for exportation. The "flakes" as the staging or platform on which they are dried is called, are constructed of poles made of spruce and pine, which support a flooring of the same material. The poles, however, instead of being placed close together, as is the case in the flooring of our houses, are laid one or two inches apart, to admit the free circulation of the air, and thus hasten the process of drying.

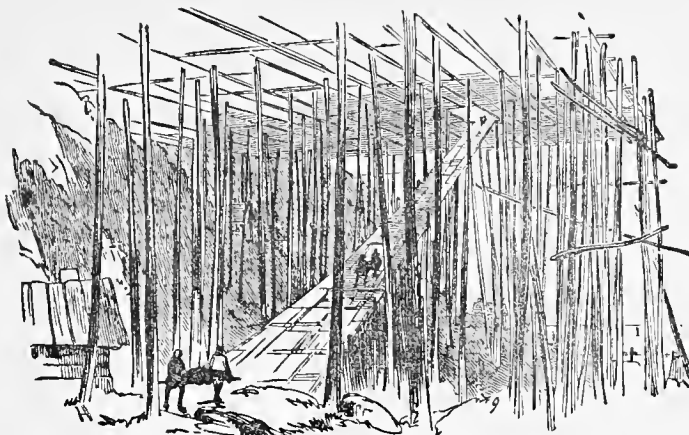
The little pictures that have illustrated this article will give our readers a pretty correct idea of some of the surroundings of the cod fishery. First we gave a view of fishing for the Cod on the St. George's bank, then one of a curing house, next of a party of men gutting and splitting the fish, and in this number we present a "fish flake or drying stage" and "stacking the Cod fish."

By late telegraphic advices from the banks of Newfoundland we learn that the old difficulty between the English and French fishermen has been

again brought to the surface. The English fishermen are complaining that their interests are not being looked after by the parent government, and that the French are intruding on their fishing grounds and are breaking the treaties made for the mutual protection of both nations.

THE story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions, and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds, and when she objected he told her that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

THOSE who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.



FISH FLAKE OR DRYING STAGE

A STRATEGIC WASP.

Nor long since, while reading beneath the shade of a fig tree, our attention was attracted by a peculiar loud and shrill buzzing sound, as of some of the bee family in distress. Looking in the direction of the noise, we observed quite close to us a dirt-dauber, or builder, one of the species of wasps so well known for the cylindrical cases of mud it builds under eaves and on sheltered walls, which it stuffs full of certain worms and spiders for its young. This wasp had half of its body and its head down the hole of the equally well-known doodlebug, a worm, which children pull out of their holes by teasing them with a straw until they grasp it with their strong nippers and hold on until they are thrown out. It was evident at a glance that the wasp had gone down the hole of the doodlebug and that the doodlebug soon had him in his strong grip at great disadvantage and where the wiles of the wasp were of no advantage to him except to make a noise which might alarm his adversary. The contest lasted fully two minutes, when finally the dirt-dauber came out with a jerk. He flew about a few inches from the hole, lit upon the ground, rubbed his head, and fairly danced with pain.

In a few moments he recovered from the effects of his wounds and began making short circles over the hole, evidently reconnoitering and hying his plans. Presently, alighting at the mouth of the hole, he tried the earth all about the entrance with the skill of an engineer, and selecting that which was driest, he began to scratch like a dog with his fore feet, throwing the dust rapidly backward into the hole. We watched with intense interest, and could not but admire his pluck and determination, for we imagined this throwing of dust on his adversary's head was only to provoke him to a fresh fight. Every now and then he would stop and take a cautious peep down the hole to observe the effect of his operations. We expected every moment to see him descend and make another attack, but it soon became manifest that such was not his intention, and it gradually dawned upon us that he had adopted a mode of attack based upon the soundest principles of philosophy, reason, and a thorough knowledge of his adversary and of the means he was using to render his resistance futile and make him an easy captive.

By throwing fine dust into the hole the doodlebug would soon be smothered, as it was necessary that he should have free air, unless he climbed upward, as he would do. Whenever the worm worked upward to get his head above the fine dust fell behind and below him, and thus slowly choked up his hole, until blinded with the dust, he pole his head and feet at the top. This was the point aimed at, and the moment he showed his head above, the wasp pounced upon him, seized him by the neck, drew him up, gathered him in his arms, and swallowed him. Struck with amazement at the sagacity, scientific skill and engineering ability of the dirt-dauber, we carefully sounded the hole, and found that in the course of five minutes this reasoning insect

had filled in five inches of dust and put his formidable adversary completely at his mercy.

The most skillful engineers, Todleben or Beauregard, could not have thrown up earthworks with a profounder calculation than this natural engineer.—*Selected.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

THE country resembled in some respects that through which we passed yesterday, but uninhabited. After a toilsome walk of some seventeen or eighteen miles, we arrived at the crater a little before three o'clock p. m. We saw nothing to indicate our near approach to it; no truncated top as we see in pictures of other volcanoes, nor elevated summit to be distinguished in the distance, but an immense chasm or pit with perpendicular sides, about twelve miles in circumference and one thousand feet deep.

We became aware of our proximity to the object of our journey by the steam which we saw issuing from the numerous fissures and pits scattered around on the surface of the ground,

in the vicinity of the edge of the crater. In the distance Mauna Loa loomed up with its regular and dome-like summit, from which there was a very violent eruption in February, 1852, which caused some apprehensions to be felt for the safety of the town of Waiakea, on Byron's Bay—the principal place on the island.

As the main part of the company had not come up,

we deferred our descent until morning, and employed ourselves in visiting the pits and seams whence the steam issued. In one of these places the heat was sufficiently great to cook potatoes; and in one ravine we found banana trees and a few sweet potatoes growing. There is a sulphur bank or mound a short distance from the brink of the crater, called by the natives the *kiona*, where there are a great many chimneys, out of which a strong sulphurous steam was issuing, and so hot as to almost instantly scald the hand.

We ascended the mound, and examined the different apertures, the sides of which were covered with fine crystals of a yellow color. The vapor which is emitted from these holes is almost overpowering, and the footing is so very precarious that nothing but a strong curiosity could have induced us to approach the edges of these chimneys. We collected some very fine specimens of crystallized sulphur, but owing to the want of facilities to carry them without spoiling, we were only able to preserve a few.

The whole of the surrounding country bears the impress of the agency of great internal fires, which are constantly at work, and which cause the whole of the island occasionally to tremble.

We found a spring of water near the edge of the precipice, which, our guide informed us, was formed by the condensation



STACKING THE COD FISH. (SEE PAGE 175.)

of the steam on the surrounding bushes. *Ohelos*—the Hawaiian whortleberry—grow quite plentifully, but many of the natives, I understood, are so superstitious that they will not touch them, as they say it will be sure to rain, and they will be apt to perish with cold.

Towards four or five o'clock the natives had all arrived; they brought up a large calabash of *poi*—a paste made by pounding the *kalo* root—on a pole between two of them; also a hog that had been killed and cooked in the ground by the orders of Brother Napela, who was caterer for the party; every one of the natives had also brought along a small bundle of *pai ai* (*kalo* pounded and wrapped in *li* leaves).

The process of cooking in the ground, so common among the Pacific islanders, is as follows:—They make a round hole in the ground, varying in size according to the quantity of food to be cooked, and then build a fire in it; they then pile a large quantity of stones on the fire; when they are thoroughly heated, they are spread evenly on the bottom and sides of the hole. If *kalo* (a root which they cultivate and use as their common staff of life) is to be cooked, it is piled on these in a conical heap, and then covered thickly with leaves; on the leaves there is a coat of dirt thrown up of sufficient thickness to prevent the escape of heat or steam and just before closing it up entirely with dirt, there is a bucket or two of water poured in at the top to be converted into steam by the heat of the stones; and this cooks the food. In this manner meat is also cooked, with the exception of not pouring water in as with the *kalo*; if a hog, it is filled with heated stones, packets being made in the shoulders for the insertion of hot stones; water is then poured into it to create steam, and it is laid on the heated stones in the hole, leaves being first laid to keep it from sticking to the stones or burning, and it is then covered as the *kalo*.

We stopped for the night in a grass house which had been built on the brink of the precipice for the accommodation of visitors, and in the evening we had a splendid view of the lurid fires of the volcano; their reflection on the moving clouds of smoke required but little stretch of the imagination to people the bottom of the crater with living beings. It was easy to account for an imaginative, superstitious people, as the Hawaiians are, believing that these fantastic forms of clouds were the spirits of the departed, they were so truly life-like.

In consequence of the altitude, we found it quite cold in the night and had to keep a good fire in the house; there being no chimney, the smoke annoyed us considerably. In the morning we were up and stirring betimes, and, without stopping to eat breakfast, commenced to descend, accompanied by our guide. By the aid of a good stout staff, which we found of great benefit, we accomplished the descent in safety, and soon found ourselves at the edge of what has been appropriately called the black ledge.

This was an immense field of lava which ran all round the pit, and was the effect of some former eruption. The appearance of this lava was singular indeed, resembling in many respects the sea, in its wave-like appearance, or a field of shore ice from which the water had receded, leaving it shattered and cracked. In fact, I cannot compare it to anything better than a frozen sea, black as coal; some portions of it resembling the sea in a state of rest, other portions as it would appear in a violent storm; in some places the waves had combed one over another, as in the ocean, and in this position they had cooled. Great care had to be observed in crossing over these combing waves, as the crust was thin and there was danger of breaking through. How awfully grand must the sight have been when

this whole mass of lava was in motion—a sea of liquid fire—and how insufficient language is to convey to the mind of man anything like the effect the sight of it would have produced.

In cooling, it had cracked, leaving large seams from which steam and heat issued, and in many places we had to use caution in crossing them on account of the intensity of heat. These fissures varied from two to six feet in width.

(To be Continued.)

BIRDS.

(Continued.)

THE TOUCAN.

THE most extraordinary part of this bird is the enormous beak, which, on the Toco Toucan is of gigantic dimensions, seeming big enough to give its owner a perpetual headache. The beak is very thin, and is strengthened by a vast number of honey comb cells, so that it is very light, and does not



incommode the bird in the least. In performing the usual duties of the beak, such as picking up food and plucking the feathers, this apparently unwieldy beak is used with perfect address, and even in flight its weight does not incommode its owner.

A CHINESE FABLE.—A priest, seeing an old piece of paper on the ground, told his pupil to pick it up, which he did immediately.

"What paper is it?" asked the priest.

"It is," said the pupil, "which once enveloped some perfume; it has been thrown away, but yet it retains the odor."

Going farther, the priest saw a piece of string upon the ground, and told the pupil to take it up.

"What string is it?" he asked.

The pupil said, "It has a smell of fish, once tied with it."

"In the beginning," said the priest, "man was pure and without blemish, but by frequent contact with others, he has brought himself happiness or punishment. If one keeps the company of wise and good people, he becomes wise and good, but if he contracts friendship with foolish and wicked people, misfortune and punishment overcome him. As with this paper, it continues to be fragrant from having once enveloped perfume; as the string has become stinking, having once touched fish. In our intercourse with men, insensibly we contract good and bad habits from them."

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT RUINS.

(Continued.)

IN the northern part of the Mexican State of Chiapa, hidden from sight by the dense forest, and forgotten long before the arrival of Cortez, the extensive ruins since known as Palenque were discovered during the year 1750. Whether the discovery was due to chance, or to divine revelation made to the Indians, as is asserted in that country, one thing is certain: they were never mentioned before that year. The news of their discovery excited considerable interest in Spain, and two explorations were made by order of the government (Bernasconi's, 1784, and Del Rio's, 1785). The expedition of Del Rio alone was productive of any result, and that only in the form of a brief and superficial description. Eighteen years afterwards Charles IV., of Spain, caused a careful reconnaissance to be made of them, but the results of this expedition long remained unknown. During the period of the revolution the three memorials of Captain Dupaix and the drawings of his companion, Castaneda, remained forgotten in the archives of Mexico. Finally, by exchange, they became the property of M. Baradere, who published them in 1834 in a work called *Recueil des Antiquités Mexicaines*. Waldeck (1834) and Stephens (1843) have added much to Dupaix, by giving fac-similes of the hieroglyphical tablets. Other explorers have since visited the ruins, and with pen and pencil excited our curiosity. And still it is possible that many of the ruined edifices have not been seen, but lie buried and unknown in the forest. The largest building at Palenque is called the "palace." It stands near the river on a terraced, pyramidal foundation 40 feet high, and 310 feet long, by 260 broad at the base. The building, which is built of hewn stone and laid in cement with remarkable precision, faces the east, and is 228 feet long, 180 feet wide and 25 feet high, and has fourteen doorways on each side, with eleven at the ends. A corridor nine feet wide and roofed by a pointed arch went around the building on the outside; this was separated from another within of equal width. The "palace" has four interior courts, the largest being seventy by eighty feet. They are surrounded by corridors, and the architectural work facing them is richly and elaborately finished. Around the top of the building runs a broad cornice of stone. The whole building has been originally coated with stucco and painted, remains of red, yellow, blue, black and white paint being still visible in many places. Between the doorways are square pieces adorned with spirited figures in stucco. A flight of broad stone steps leads up the side of the terrace to the principal doorway. From the north side of one of the courts rises a tower three stories high, built of stone; it is thirty feet square at the base. Within the courts of the palace are several other buildings, all much ruined. The great mound used for the foundation of this building was encased with stone, the workmanship here and everywhere else about this structure being very superior. Where the stucco, or plaster, has been broken, six or more layers or coats are revealed, each layer presenting traces of painting. This indicates that the building had been used so long before it was deserted that the plastering needed to be many times renewed.

It would be beyond our limits to attempt to give a detailed description of the sculptured bas-reliefs, the groups and figures in stucco which decorate the walls of the innumerable rooms and corridors in the palace; we therefore refer our readers to the beautiful drawings by Catherwood and the graphic descriptions of Mr. Stephens' works. Two other buildings marked by Mr. Stephens in his plan of the ruins as "Casa No. 1" and "Casa No. 2," are remarkable. No. 1 is seventy-five feet long, by twenty-five feet wide, and stands on the summit of a high truncated pyramid; it has solid walls on all sides save the north, where there are five doorways. In the interior are a corridor and three rooms, and between the doorways leading from the corridor to these rooms are great tablets, each thirteen feet long and eight feet high, all covered with elegantly carved inscriptions. A similar but smaller tablet, covered with an inscription, appears on the wall of the central room. This building resembles the palace in architectural and ornamental features, and also displays the same workmanship. Casa No. 2, generally called "La Cruz," is built on a steep and lofty pyramid, which stands on a terraced foundation. The building is fifty feet long, by thirty-one wide; it has three doorways at the south, with a corridor and three rooms. This edifice has, above the height required for the rooms, "two stories of interlaced stucco-work, resembling a high fanciful lattice." Here I may say, as to ornamentation, the walls, piers and cornices of all the ruined buildings of Palenque are covered with it: everywhere the artistic skill and workmanship is displayed, Mr. Stevens going so far as to say "In justness of proportion and symmetry of form, approaching the Greek models." This building is usually called "La Cruz," because the most prominent object within the building is a great bas-relief, on which is sculptured a cross and several human figures. The building is approached by a flight of steps. Dupaix says, "It is impossible to describe adequately the interior decorations of this sumptuous temple." This cross is supposed to have been the central object of interest. It was wonderfully sculptured and decorated, and occupies the centre of the sculptured tablet. It stands on a highly ornamented pedestal, and is surmounted by an extraordinary bird, the wings and tail of which bear a strong resemblance to many of the plumes in the head-dresses of the figures on the walls of the palace. Around the bird's neck hang strings of beads, from which is suspended an ornament resembling the curious flower called by the Aztecs "maephalcxochitl," or "flower of the hand," the pistil being in the form of a bird's foot, with six fingers terminating in so many nails. On each side of the cross, with their faces turned towards it, are two male figures, carved with a justness of proportion equal to the sculptured remains of Egypt. One of these figures seems to be making an offering of a child to the bird. The infant held by this figure suggests the idea of a Christianity. The other figure is looking on, and being shorter than his companion, is mounted on a kind of footstool, in order to bring his head in a line, and properly balance the composition. The costume of the men is different from that of the other figures found among the ruins; for while the garments of the latter in many cases indicate the warrior, the robes of these two figures are made of a pliable texture, more resembling the loose cotton drapery of the priest.

The cross is one of the most common emblems found in all the ruins, and this led the early Catholic missionaries to assume that the knowledge of Christianity had been brought to that part of America long before their arrival; and they adopted the belief that the gospel was preached in Yucatan by St. Thomas.

In one of the other "casas" there is a tablet containing two figures very much resembling the two in adoration before the cross in Casa No. 2. Here they appear to be making offerings of infants to a hideous mask with the tongue lolling out of the mouth, and supported by two crossed batons richly ornamented. The floors of these adoratorios were excavated by Del Rio, and found to contain an earthen vessel and a circular stone, beneath which were a stone head, two small pyramids, with the figure of a heart made of dark crystal and two covered earthen jars containing a substance resembling vermilion.

Among the stucco ornaments in these buildings are beautiful designs of plants and flowers. Mr. Stephens also found the sculptured head and two bodies of figures of most just and perfect proportion and symmetry of form. One statue only has been found similar to those of Copan. It is ten and a half feet high, elaborately carved and engraven with hieroglyphics.

What more may be discovered at Palenque when the whole field of its ruins shall have been explored it is impossible to say. The chief difficulty in the way is explained by Mr. Stephens, who states that the forest is so dense that without a guide he might have gone within a hundred feet of the buildings without discovering them. More, much more, has been discovered by explorers than I have mentioned.

The ruins of Palenque, or Otolun, as it is called by some writers, are deemed by archeologists of the greatest importance, on account of the abundance of inscriptions found there, which it is believed will at length be deciphered, being similar to the written characters of the Mayas, which are now understood.

NOT MY WORK.

How often do we hear boys, when asked by their parents or others to do anything, exclaim petulantly, "That's not my work!" How often do we hear thoughtless sisters jar and contend and make one another quite miserable over some trifling labor required, because each considers it not her work. How often too do employers meet with a spirit of careless indifference or open opposition to their wishes when they require some slight service at the hands of an employe who considers it not his work.

The fact is, if we should study our own interests as parts of families, as employes, or as members of society we would not be such sticklers for what we may consider our own particular rights and specified duties. The person who by acts of kindness and pleasant words makes himself most agreeable in the family will find his presence most wished for and enjoyed; and his reward will not be lacking, either, for he will have it every day in kindness returned, in additional peace of mind and in the consciousness he can always carry with him that he is making others happy.

The workman who is cheerful, always ready to study, respond to and even anticipate his employer's wishes, and be equally obliging to his fellow workmen, is not likely to lose anything by such a course. On the contrary, the chances are that it will be a stepping stone to his advancement; for his affable obliging disposition will succeed, while twice the amount of ability, combined with a surly, obstinate, contentious disposition might fail entirely.

The following anecdote from an exchange illustrates the disposition of those who claim that certain things are not their work, as also the estimation in which such persons are held by their employers:

A dispute having long existed in a gentleman's family be-

tween the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded that the coachman was lounging around the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and yet was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman alleged that it was not his business.

"Very well," said the master, "but pray what do you call your business."

"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," he replied.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for, but this I must insist on, that every morning before breakfast you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

The coachman and the maid soon after came to terms.

HOW HE DID IT.

I RETURNED to Ashville after an absence of three years and found my friend Truffles grown fat and jovial, with a face the very mirror of peace and self satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he was not like this when I went away.

"Truffles!" said I, "how is it? You have improved."

"Improved! how?"

"Why, in every way. What have you been doing?"

Just then a little girl came in with a tattered shawl and barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread. "Oh, dear Mr. Truffles," the child said, with brimming eye, as she took the loaf of bread; "mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blesses you, indeed she does."

"That's one of the things I've been doing," he said after the child had gone.

"You are giving the suffering family bread?" I queried.

"Yes."

"Have you any more cases like that?"

"Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a day, enough to feed them."

"And you take no pay?"

"Not from them."

"Oh! from the town?"

"No; here," said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. "I'll tell you," he added, smiling. "One day over a year ago a poor woman came to me and asked for a loaf of bread, for which she could not pay—she wanted it for her poor suffering children. At first I hesitated but finally I gave it to her, and as her blessings rang in my ears after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard, and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by and by, that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop drinking and give that amount away in bread, adding one or two loaves on my own account. I did it, and it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I have grown better every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose."—*New York Observer*.

THE best practical moral rule is never to do what we should at any time be ashamed of.

NEVER GIVE UP.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Bold.

1. Nev-er give up! it is wiser and bet-ter Always to hope than once to de - spair;
 2. Nev-er give up! there are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
 3. Nev-er give up! tho' the grapes of wrath rattle, And the full thunder cloud o - ver you burst.

Throw off the load of doubt's can - ker - ing fetter, And break the dark spell of tyr - an - ni - cal care.
 And mid the cha - os, high wis - dom ar - ranges E - ter - nal suc - cess, if you'll on - ly hope on.
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle But lit - tle can harm you, tho' do - ing their worst.

Nev-er give up! or the burthen may sink you, Prov - i - dence kindly has mingled the cup,
 Nev-er give up! for the wisest is holdest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 Nev-er give up! if ad - ver - si - ty presses. Prov - i - dence wisely has mingled the cup,

And in all trou - ble or tri - als re - think you The watchword of life should be — Never give up.
 And of all man - as the best as the old - est is that no - ble watchword of — Never give up.
 And the best coun - sel in all your dis - tresses Should be the stout watchword of — Never give up.

SUNDAY LESSONS.
FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XIV.

- Q.—What prevented the people from getting the plates?
 A.—The wisdom of God which was given to Joseph.
 Q.—Were the people angry because they could not get them?
 A.—Yes, very.
 Q.—What were the plates made of?
 A.—Gold.
 Q.—What was each plate covered with?
 A.—With engraved writing.
 Q.—What was it that wrote on the plates?
 A.—A prophet of God by the name of Mormon.
 Q.—What was the writing about?
 A.—It gave an account of the Nephites and Lamanites.
 Q.—How wide were the plates?
 A.—Nearly eight inches.
 Q.—How thick were they?
 A.—Not quite so thick as common tin.
 Q.—What form were the plates in?
 A.—In the form of a book.

Q.—How were they fastened together?

A.—By three rings running through the edges of all the plates.

Q.—How thick was the book or volume?

A.—Nearly six inches.

Q.—Did Joseph translate the whole of it?

A.—No.

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